## Shadows on the Snow.

By B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS;" "GOLDEN GRAIN;" "JOSHUA MARVEL;" ETC. ETC.

PART I .- CONTINUED. Despite himself, William was touched, knowing how frugally the doctor lived. Dr. Bax was not blind to this better

mood of his companion, but he did not appear to openly observe it." "Is this your yearly custom?" asked

William. "It is; and one of my best pleasures. We must be off now.

They had not far to go. The doctor drew rein again at a hovel, from the small window-panes of which a single rush-light could be seen burning. He knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" cried a voice. "Dr. Santa Claus," replied the doctor, in a loud cheery tone, "with med-

The door was immediately opened by a poorly-dressed woman, and the doctor entered with some parcels in his hand. William remained outside, and presently Dr. Bax beckoned him in, saying the pony would stand still. The room was very scantily furnished. In one corner, on an old wooden bedstead, a man lay asleep, and by his side a child, also asleep. On the rail at the foot of the bed, so fixed that the child's eyes should fall upon it when she woke, was a wooden soldier, placed there by the doctor; and the parcels he had taken from the dog-cart were on a bare deal table. The woman, who had been ironing, and who had paused in her work to admit her visitors, was regarding the gifts with tears in her eyes. "I wanted you to look at our child," said Dr. Bax to William. "Is she not a little beauty?"

The mother turned down the coverlet with pride and affection to allow William to see the pretty creature. Dr. Bax stooped and kissed the child, and William was impelled to do so like-

"Has your man complained much today?" asked Dr. Bax. "Yes, all day long; he's asleep now from sheer weariness; it'd take a deal to wake him. His back has been paining him dreadfully, and all the feeling has quite gone out of his legs. He don't know when I am rubbing them, poor dear! Before he went to sleep he was wishing for a Christmas dinner; it would be the last, he said, he should ever be able to eat. I didn't know the steam, that all was right behind. what to say. Heaven only knew where a Christmas dinner was to come from. but I can give it to him now.

bless you, doctor." "Come, William," said Dr. Bax, hastily, "we must be moving again. Good-night. Some time to-morrow I shall be here to see how your man is.'

On the road the doctor said: "Unless a man chooses to walk blindly through the world, he can see everywhere about him sacred and beautiful evidences of love. More among the poor than among the rich, for, from the very necessities of their condition, self-sacrifice-the holiest form in which love can show itself-is the more demanded. The poor woman whom we have just left has not been treated by her husband with tenderness or consideration. While he was in health, he squandered his money at the public-house, and never saved a penny. Six months ago he met with an accident to his back, which will soon end his days. Since that time he has been unable to move from his bed, and the woman, without murmuring, has worked unceasingly for him and their child. She will be up half through this night, to finish the washing and ironing she obtains from the neighbors; and love will uphold her through all. When her man dies, after her first passion of grief at that lifting of a heavy load from her, she will devote herself to her child, whom she will work for with patience and cheerfulness, grateful for the burden love imposes upon

Dr. Bax cast a furtive glance at William, but the young man's lips were fast set; and the downward lines on his forehead showed that though the doctor's words had reached him, their meaning was lost upon him.

The first visit was the keynote to all that followed. They went to places of the existence of which William had hitherto been ignorant, and saw scenes of domestic life which would have left a deep impression upon him, had the eyes of his mind been open to anything but the contemplation of his own misery. But he was almost blind to them, so dazed was he with grief. It certainly was not the result of special design-for William was not his companion by premeditation, and he had his route carefully marked down - that, wherever Dr. Bax stopped, he elicited from the commonest and poorest of the poor and common people he visited sparks of human love which shone with a holy light among the ashes of mis-spent and wasted lives. Even from those who had fallen very, very low, and who, snatching the gifts he proffered, threw them aside out of his reach, and thanked him with assumed humility-even from crime, and shame, and sin, that laughed in his face and mocked his tenderness-even from cunning ingratitude, which said, as it accepted his charity: "We have taken what you wished us to take; and now that you have shown vourself, off you may go"even from the worst of these he did not depart without, with a better cunning than theirs, evoking from their gutternatures some gleams of human goodness which made them, if only for a few moments, ashamed of their shame and degradation. But if Dr. Bax intended to convey

any lesson to his companion-and his frequent anxious glances at William's moody face evidenced a wish to do so -by admitting him as a witness to these scenes, his design was a failure. Their course, though devious, lay within a narrow circuit, and whenever they went they heard the church-bells chiming the hour. Quarter after quarter was proclaimed, and William became more and more inattentive to the doc-tor's errands, and more and more im-in helpless derision. His future was patient for the coming of the moment which was to make or mar his happiness. The last visit was paid, the last parcel delivered, the last shilling taken from the doctor's purse, and he and William stood by the side of the empty

"Jump up," said Dr. Bax. William raised his hand, and list-

Fron County Register to walk in the direction of Warley-

"Stop, William!" cried the doctor; "where are you going?" "I have an act of duty to perform," IRONTON, - . MISSOURL replied William, "and I must be

> Dr. Bax hastened after the young man and arrested his steps. "An act of duty!" he said; "at this time of night?" "At this time of night, and no

other. "It is troublesome walking through he snow. Let me set you on your way. "I have told you I must be alone." He did not speak roughly; his voice

was cold, and there was a vacant ring in it which it pained Dr. Bax to hear. "Not a pleasant duty, William?" "No. Ask me no further questions.

Good-night.' But Dr. Bax would not so lightly part with him. "You distress me; I thought we were friends.

William laughed harshly. The bitter emphasis placed on the word by Stephen Winkworth had robbed it of its good meaning. "The duty before you!" persisted the

"It is." "The knowledge of which is not to e confided even to me.'

doctor. "Is it a secret one?

"Not to be confided even to you." "It is no light duty, William."
"I wish to God I had died before it came in my way to perform! I will say no more, and I can not stop longer

with you." "One other question," said Dr. Bax. almost imploringly, "only one. Does Laura know of this?" William, with no more force than was necessary, disengaged himself from the doctor, and, waving his hand

in adieu, plunged wildly through, the

snow. Dr. Bax gazed sadly after him

until he was out of sight. "I hoped to have had a good night's rest," he mused, as he mounted his seat, and slowly drove away; "and now not a wink shall I get-not a wink! Confound all mortality, I say! If men took a tenth part as much pains to make themselves happy as they take to make themselves miserable, this would be the blessedest of worlds. As it is, I have no patience with it!"

This being attered in a tone loud enough for the pony to hear, drew from that wise creature a determined protest; he stood stock-still, and would not budge an inch in response to hard words and impatient urging to get on. Not until Dr. Bax tried the soothing system, and spoke to him in his usua mild and affectionate manner, would he allow himself to be coaxed. And even after he had covered two or three hundred yards in his accustomed easy jog-trot,he pulled up again of his own mpulse, to make sure, from his master's gently spoken entreaty to put on

William Fairfield walked so swiftly

that before midnight Warleycombe Lodge was in view. The night was cold, but he was in a hot fever. He looked toward the house in expectant dread. There was not a sign of life within or without. All was silent and still as death. The snow lay lightly upon roof and eave, upon tree and plain, and made the silence more impressive in its spiritual effect than the silence which is accompanied with darkness. A doubt stole upon him whether what had passed between him and Stephen Winkworth was real or a dream, but it did not linger in his mind. "I am not mad yet," he muttered, "and I must keep my senses about me to learn the truth." Stephen could not have lied to him. He conjured up the picture which presented itself to him whichever way he turned -the picture of Laura and her lover! He saw their lips utter voiceless words of affection; he saw her, the woman he loved, lay her head upon this man's shoulder; and he bit blood into his lips

with jealous rage. Suddenly the silence was invaded by the sound of the Christmas bells, which pealed joyously over field and hill, proclaiming the birth of peace and love. To the high-born and lowly alike they sung the holier theme, in the light of which earthly and sordid desires fade

utterly away. Dear belis! that bring glad light to weary eyes, that whisper courage to despairing souls, that instill hope into fainting hearts-ring on, dear bells, and teach your lesson anew! Humanity sits crowned in her throne of love, and a Heavenly glory shines above her head. Ring on, dear bells, the time has come! Forth into the places where misery lurks; where crime and destitution lie in each other's arms; where ignorance (compelled to live, and comprehending nothing but its own hard laws) breeds hapless generations; where it is not possible for virtue to take root and flower-forth into those places let the angels go. Spotless and pure they enter, with love and pity in their radiant eyes; and Heaven smiles upon them as they return with dirtstained wings, the sacred evidence of sacred work performed. Ring on, dear bells, and teach once more your beautiful lesson! The pulse of the world is stirred with tender memories. The happy mother aroused from sleep, whispers to her child, lying awake by her side: "Dear child, dear child, the Christmas bells are ringing!" The girl-woman, musing on the day that shall make her a happy wife, sings to her heart, to the rythm of the bells: "Dear love, dear love, the Christmas bells are ringing!" The rich man smiles, the poor man rejoices. Ring on, sweet Christmas bells! The air is filled with your music, which travels far across the snow-white land. Over forests of trees whose branches gleam with beauty, on to the furious sea, where the sailor, battling for dear life with the raging storm, thinks of what is dearer to him than life, and cries to his mate in the midst of the darkness: "At home, old boy, the Christmas bells

are ringing! They rang in William Fairfield's ears, and bewildered him. He was deaf to their tender whisperings; they jarred upon his soul, and he strove, with a wild motion of his arms, to east them aside, so that he might reflect undisturbed upon the treachery of the girl

to whom he had given his heart. This was his Christmas Eve! Next Christmas they were to have a merry party at their own house; it had been arranged that night. If he proved Stephen's tale to be true where would blasted. What recked he now where or how his life was passed?

Some short distance from Warleycombe Lodge, but within sight of it, stood an old gnarled tree, prolific in queerly knotted excrescences and twist-ed limbs and branches. It was so old that there had rotted away at its base William raised his hand, and listened. A church clock was chiming; it
wanted but a quarter of an hour to
midnight. Mechanically William
midnight. Mechanically William
self to the task of watching Reuben

turned from the doctor, and commenced

that there had rotted away at his base
a space sufficiently large to allow
a man to seat himself easily. Here
William mechanically rested; and, with
a weary body but active mind, set himbride in lieu of a marriage fee. He has
bride in lieu of a marriage fee. He has

Harrild's house. Above him spread the fantastic branches of the tree, hung about with icicles and fringed with delicate and graceful traceries in snow. Even in the midst of his rapt attention of the house he could not avoid being struck with their beauty, and at odd moments he turned his eyes upward to observe them. Presently a singular fancy crept upon him. The branches assumed weird shape and form. Crooked twigs became transformed into grotesque figures. perfect in limb and feature, and though there was not one among them that was not out of all reasonable proportion, not one seemed monstrous. They were all pygmies, and sat or stood in unnatural attitudes-with their legs twined under them, with their arms curled around their bodies, with their faces between their knees; here an elf, with his back to William, and his head turned over his shoulder to gaze at him; there a dwarf, lying at full length, and bending over toward him at a dangerous angle. The unfamiliar and curious figures were motionless for many mo. ments; not a limb, not a feature stirred. but at the end of that time animation passed into their bodies. Motion came into their limbs, expression to their features. And of the hundreds of strange faces with which the tree was filled, there was not one that was not directed toward him, there was not one eye that was not fixed upon his. Some smiled with the familiarity of old acquaintanceship, others frowned with severe cause; and one old fellow with a great knot in the middle of his forehead eyed him so sternly that he turned away in anger at the delusion which he had allowed to take possession of his senses. As he turned, his attention was attracted to the beautiful appearance of the hedge-row which lined the boundary of Reuben Harrild's land. It was nearly man high; and as he gazed into the tangled skeins of bare and naked bush, snow-lined in purest white, he saw a thousand starting pictures in the maze. Through the interlaced vista he saw castles and rocks with the glow of sunlight upon them; merging gradually into the phantasy of many suns setting with a glori-

ous light upon a dozen battle-fields, with shreds of armies flying from bloody pursuers; merging again into grave-yards lying in the light of pale, cold moons, which threw a ghastly glare upon a myriad of white specters in their winding-sheets, gauntly stretching out their attenuated limbs. And there-wonder upon wonder!-was the same stern old man with the knot in his forehead, eyeing him more seriously than ever, and, with a monstrously disproportionate finger, beckoning him to approach Whom did this old man resemble? His face was surely familiar to William. Ab, yes; it was Dr. Bax. No; Stephen Winkworth. Wrong again. It was one of the worst of the persons to whom the little doctor had been good that night, and who, crazy with drink, had threatened to do them both an injury if they did not instantly run. Wrong again. It was the toy soldier which Dr. Bax had fastened to the foot of the child's bed. Still wrong. It was Alice, the deformed girl, with her silken hair cut short.

strange face-a face he had never be-

fore looked upon. William rubbed his

eyes; there still stood the grim old man

with his gigantic finger, bidding him to

But now the figure was no longer

alone. On every side arose hundreds

come.

of white phantom shadows, inviting William, with the same beckoning gesture, to join their company. As he watched them, with increasing amazement, their numbers grew until the entire landscape became filled with motioning snow-shadows; and glancing upward into the spreading branches of the tree, myriad white faces crowded down upon him, urging him to rise. Compelled to obey, he stood upon his feet, and, looking toward the house, found that it had disappeared. that trees and hedges had vanished, and that he was standing on a great plain, carpeted with snow as far as the eve could reach, without a single speck or stain upon it to show that it had ever sustained a habitation. Not one stationary object reared itself between Heaven and earth; and, stranger still, thronged with shadows gliding restlessly around him, and though he was continually turning this way and that, in his endeavor to follow their weird snow did not present a single mark to a large shield bearing English crosses. miracle occurred. A wild excitement possessed the phantom throng, and, the ranks dividing, a figure of surpassing loveliness approached. It was that of a beautiful woman, with a whiteness, which hung loosely upon her form. Her limbs and features eyes dwelt an expression of such Heavenly love and goodness that William was impelled to kneel to her. But he was powerless; his limbs refused to obey his impulse. Closer and closer she approached. Clear as spotless crystal, she stood before him, lustrously beautiful, with a holy light in her eyes. No stain was on her soul-for he beheld it in all its purity. And on her heart, with a calm and placid smile upon its lips, lay the body of a sleep-

ing child. William, gazing with awe and wonder on the vision, felt a cold touch upon his arm, and turned in the expectation of seeing some new wonder. But he stood alone within a circle into which no spirit ventured to intrude, and a voice whispered into his ear the word: "Faith!"

He knew that the presence of an Inrisible Shadow was upon him, and that this was the name of the spotless Wo-

man who stood before him. .Again the vast throng of white phantoms upheaved, and the Woman disappeared; again they glided hither and thither, in seeming disorder; again their ranks divided, and in the spot whereon the Woman had stood arose another form which he shuddered to look upon. The form of a creature with disheveled hair, with scowling features, with blood-shot eyes, with blanched and quivering lips, with trembling limbs. Its garments were soiled, and tightly on its brows was fixed a crown with sharp and jagged points pressing inward on its forehead. It was transparent as the first, and lying on its heart was the bleeding form of a dying child, with a dagger in its

For the second time the cold touch came upon his arm, and the voice whispered: "Doubt!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

-A Justice of the Peace in Groton, Conn., was obliged, not long ago, to content himself with a kiss from the bride in lieu of a marriage fee. He has

THE KENTUCKY CENT. Description of a Coin Which Will Interes

All Americans. A very common error prevails conhas been spoken of as if struck in Kentucky, and for purposes of currency. and so rare as to be held at great prices. etc. The truth concerning this speci- bye." men is very simple. It is termed "The Kentucky Token," or "Ketucky Trianangle," because of the letter "K" at the apex of a star, representing the word "Kentucky." There are three sets of de night." them, struck both in copper and silver, and they form, it is admitted, one of porter. most beautiful series of the great variety of tokens produced in English workshops for use in America. They also pear the names "Pyramid Token" and "Myddeton Token." They are quoted anywhere from 75 cents to \$1.75, and them extant in Great Britain and Amer-

At the close of the revolutionary war, 1785 to 1788. Massachusetts followed with eight type, cents and half-cents, at about the same period. New Jersey did | them?" asked the reporter. the same, stamping a horse-head upon her money. Vermont struck many cop-

But these were money, current as such and redeemable by the respective States in gold and silver, if presented in proper quantities. In 1783 a goldsmith at Annapolis, Md., gave utterance to a mass of tokens in silver, which were eagerly seized upon in the absence of was looken outen de winder, an' she genuine coins. In 1783 Congress auhorized an issue stamped Nova Constellatio, and in 1784 our present decimal clapped him inter a wagon an' driv' off, system (the simpliest in the world) was authorized.

The English mechanics were not slow Four years later we find the Kentucky piece. The obverse (front side) shows | Her daddy done tuk her out of sahvice, a hand grasping a sword, with the in- den, an' I married her.' scriptions: "Our Cause is Just," and "You say that there are colored doc-'Unanimity is the Strength of Society." The reverse side has a triangular pyramid formed of fifteen shining stars united Pluribus Unum." The borders are hand- But den-you can't hahm 'em.' somely milled. The size is 18 to 20 (we reckon in sixteenths of an inch). and the weight 155 to 192 grains. Not all the edges are milled; some Shoot-in' 'em is no good, an' dey turn Wrong once more. It was an entirly strange face—a face he had never before looked upon. William rubbed his those days such things passed for money I kin.' in the scarcity of coins. So have we seen at the time of the great panic in 1836 to 1840, and again at the breaking out of the civil war, an almost innumerable emission of copper tokens from business houses, bar-rooms, bar-

ber shops, etc., etc. is in silver. On the obverse is Hope, with her anchor, presenting two children to another female, who accepts band roun' her body to keep de cirklathe charge by holding out her right hand toward them. In her left hand is the Phrygian cap resting on the vudri kind o' conjured like. In 'bout five (liberty staff). Before her is an olive minutes de blood all runned out o' her branch and wreath, and a cornucopia is in the rear. The legend is "British off to de 'sectin' room.' Settlement, Kentucky." In the exergue, Just then one of or at the bottom, is 1796.

The reverse side presents Britannia seated disconsolate facing to the left. Her head is bowed. In her right hand is an inverted spear, the head penetrating the ground in front as she bears heavily upon it. On her right, although the plain was thickly on the ground, is the fasces or Roman bundle of rods, and near it the liberty- proof yit, but I'se watchin' him. cap. The scales of justice are under her left foot. The sword of justice there with its blade broken. and ghostly motions, the surface of the Her left arm is supported by denote that it was trodden. And now The legend is "Payable by P. P. P. Myddeton." The border is milled, the edges plain, the size is 18; weight 325 grains, viz: of siver, 175; copper, 177. The first coinage made by authority of the United States was of copper. crown of crystals upon her head. A | They are called Fugios by dealers, and thousand stars of icicle gleamed about | bear the date of 1787. They are very her. She was garbed in robes of snowy | numerous, few collectors but that have one more. 'They are sold from 15 to 50 cents. Of this money 345 tons were

were faultlessly molded, and in her struck under one contract with James Jarvis. Jarvis coined them successfully means that he is allowed to hang on by at New Haven, Conn., New York, Ru- his evebrows, at an infinitesimal salary, pert, Vt., and other places where copper could be had on the best terms. There are 27 varieties. On the obverse side are 13 rings linked in uniform order, and making a circular chain. Around the center (within the rings) is "United States; We Are One." The reverse side is a sun-dial, above which is the radiant sun. On the left is

"Fugio" ("I fly"), on the right "1787." Below is "Mind Your Business." The border is milled; the edge plain; size 17 to 18; weight 126 to 178 grains.-Dr. Robert Morris, in Louisville Courier-

THE NIGHT DOCTOR. One of the Principal Terrors of Ignorant

Colored People. A reporter, learning that there was a believer of night doctors in one of the

departments, hunted him up the other day. He found him about to unload a truck of fire-wood in one of the corridors of the department. He had just taken the first stick in his hand to deposit in the wood-box when the reporter bluntly asked: "Do you know any-thing about night doctors?"

The colored man dropped the stick like a flash, and seemed very much for a clerkship in vain, that his friends frightened as he suspiciously glanced at his questioner. "Wha' fur you ask me both exhausted, that his Congressman sich queshuns?" he exclaimed. The re- has refused to loan him another "X," porter replied that he was a sort of and that he is about to strike you for detective, anxious to get some informa- money enough to get home with. tion about the rascals who prey upon unoffending colored people. "Ef you is sorry to hear that—but you must excuse a 'tector whar's your sign?" he sus-

piciously asked. The assurance that the questioner was a private detective and did not need a badge did not prove entirely satisfac-tory, but it was broad daylight, and the colored man regained his equanimity somewhat, but kept on his guard. Leandon't say you is-but ef you is, fo' love's have sued for divorce. - Holyoke (Mass.) sake lem me pass. I never done no hahm | Transcript.

to nobody, an' I want to keep clar of THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE. dem folks you is talkin' bout.'

After more assurances and questions is to whether there were really such people, he said, confidentially: "Of cerning the Kentucky cent, which, in-deed, is not a coin in the genuine sense I'm skeered mos' to def, cum dark. of the term, but a token or medallet. It has been spoken of as if struck in Kenwant ter. Dey is bofe colored and white, and dey go in droves, mos'ly fo' in a row. Ef dey ketch you, it's good-

"Did you ever meet one?" asked th reporter.

"Deed I did, boss; wunst. I'll nevah give 'em anudder chance ef I kin help it, and dat's why I stay under kiver in

"Tell me about it," urged the re-

"Well, you know whar de momment [monument] is? An' you know dat bit of road wat goes down by de water? Well, I wus drivin' de wagon in de dark 'long dat road. Dey wos a boy in de wagon wif me. I got down offen de there are doubtless tens of thousands of wagon to fix de girt, and den I was shore somebody was follerin' me. I turned round quick an' I seed a man flop on his back in de long grass. I didn't let on l when trade and commerce began to seed him, but got in de wagon and driv revive, a woeful deficiency of specie, 'long. I 'spicioned dey was sumpin' and especially of small change, formed follerin' us, and I got out agin, 'tendin' a serious obstacle to business. It threw to fix de girt agin. I kinder turned my the people upon the oldest fashion, viz.: eye over my shoulder and I seed he'd barter, which is the most iniquitous of mos' ketched us. 'Oh, dear!' I hollered. all methods. Connecticut issued cop- and landed in de wagon, and I lashed per coins in eight type (or patterns) in dat ole horse, an' driv off as fas' as he could run, an' got away."

"Are you satisfied he was one o "I ain't sa'sfied nuffin' 'bout it." he exclaimed, indignantly. "I know he was one of 'em, an' he mighty nigh tuk

"Does your wife believe in night doctors?" asked the reporter. "Believe in 'em! Why, she's been runned by 'em, an' she seed 'em ketch a man. One mawnin' fore light she seed 'em knock a ladder from en under a man, an' when he come down dey jes' makin' no noise. She tole me 'bout dat long ago, an' jes' de udder day I was wonderin' ef she'd tell de same story, to take advantage of the crying demand so, sez I, "pears like I hearn somebody for small currency, and, in 1785, one tell about night doctors knockin' a lad-Thomas Wyon, of Birmingham, sent der from en under a man an' packin' over large numbers of what dealers style him off.' 'Dat was me,' says she, an' Immune Columbias, one side bearing den she tole de same tale ezackly. Den thirteen stars. Tokens of the same class I knowed she was tellin' de trufe. Dey were struck for New York, New Jersey, runned her once, but dat was befo' etc.; and this brings us more directly to was married, an' I doan know de sahthe Kentucky cent. Kentucky came into cumstances. She was out in sahvice the Union in 1792 as the fifteenth State. den, an' dey runned her clean to her own do', an' she buss-ed in jes' in time.

> tors as well as white?" "Yes, dey is bofe kinds, an' dey get

twenty or twenty-five dollars for every by rings; the initials of a State inscribed one dey ketch. I doan' blame de white on each star. The one at the top has folks so much ef dat's dere bizness, but "K," for Kentucky. The legend is "E for my color! I'd jes' like to kill 'em. "Why not?" asked the reporter.

"Now, you know jest as well as I do dat dey is sheeted from head to toes.

"Do you know any one else who ever met them?' asked the reporter. "Dev is a man in dis buildin' wat tole me-now, mind, I doan' know no more 'bout dis wot I'm tellin' dan dis yer stick o' wood, 'cepen wot he done tole me. He said he seed 'em ketch a little One of the "Myddeton takens" of 1796 girl, an' dey put sumpin' nudder shun from movin', an' den dey strung her up, an' she was laughin' all de time,

> feet into a bucket, an' den she was toted Just then one of the messengers passed by and was keenly eyed by the speaker.

> "What's the matter with him?" asked the reporter. "Dev ain't nuffin' de matter wif him yit as I knows on, but I'se bin 'spicionin' him fur a long time back. I kind o'

> believe he's one of 'em. I ain't got no "I ain't so sure 'bout you nuther." he continued, his suspicions being again aroused, "but as I tole you befo', if you is one of 'em, lem me by," and the old man, with this parting prayer, turned to his work, declining to talk further on a subject which occupied most of his waking moments .- Washington Star.

> > WHAT THEY MEAN.

A Few Useful Hints for Persons Unacquainted With Worldly Ways. When a young clerk tells you, with a nonchalant air: "My duties now are of the most perfunctory character," he or with no pay at all, till he can get an-

other job. When you ask after the condition of a friend who is dangerously ill, and the doctor remarks: "One should never be too sanguine-life is uncertain," he means that the undertaker has got a dead-sure thing on your friend.

When you, without present income or future prospects, ask the millionaire's daughter to marry you, and she says: "No," she means No, and by a very large majority.

When the aristocratic swell, accidentally put under personal obligations to you, says, with a smile as genial as sunshine on an iceberg: "My dear fellow,
I'll be delighted to have you dine at my
house—come any day," he means any
day when he and his family are out of town for the season.

When the small-fry politician from Waybackville, who has been hanging around Washington for three months, rushes up to you in the hotel readingroom with a telegram in his hand, and says: "I find that my wife's health is much worse, and I really must leave for home on the next train," he means that he got left on his local postmastership, that he has worked all the departments

me-I see that Senator So-and-So is waiting for me," it means that the impecunious gentleman from Waybackville will have to strike somebody elseor walk .- Puck.

-The hardest thing in this world to ing on his pile of wood, he said in a please is a woman. Mr. Young, of low voice: "Now, I don't know ef you Minnesota, locked his wife in the house; is a 'tector, or ef you is one of 'em Mr. Potts, of Wisconsin, locked his wife yo'se'f. Ef you is one of 'em—mind, I out of the house. Now both women



"She's dar! You jes' tie dis pig to on ob dem fence posts, set nex' to her, ar

GAVE IT UP.

Dead or Alive; the Will of Jobbins' Moth er-in-Law Could Not Be Broken. Mr. Jobbins' mother-in-law had died and n her will had almost entirely left the Jobbins family out in the cold. Mr. J. was very naturally opposed to such treatment, and forthwith consulted a lawyer. "Haven't we some claims on her estate?"

ne asked, after stating the case. "Undoubtedly," replied the lawyer. "Can't we get our share, then?" "I should say you could." "Well how are we going to do it?" "There's only one way that I can see."

"What's that?" "Break the old lady's will, of course." Jobbins shook his head. "Ain't there no other way?" he asked. "Not that I am aware of. "We might as well give it up then as

bad job. "Why so? Wills have been broken time and again.' "May be they have, but not my motherin-law's. That woman lived with me to ten years, and nobody ever broke it while she was alive, and I've had enough experience not to want to tackle it even after she's dead. Good-bye; send around your

bill."-Merchant Traveler. Would Not Come Out.

Six months after election. Officer who had been elected by a handsome majority (to friend)-No, I don't want the office. Why, sir, it cost so much to get it that the salary hardly covers the expense. No, sir, no more of it for me. Friend-Then you will not be a candi

ate for re-election. Official-No, I won't.

Friend—I want to know positively. Official—I've told you, but why do you Friend-Well, I thought that if you de-

clined to come out I would run for the of-Official-Let me see you a moment Leads him to one side.) It's this way with me: I don't want to run, but my friends are after me to come out. Well, I'll see you again.—Arkansaw Traveler.



"Why, it am you, my darlin' Mary! Nebber mine appearance an' pig. Dey won't do no harm, I reckon."

He Can't Get It.

"Abs'lum," said an Arkansaw man to his son the other day, "I want yer ter go ter skule, an' git a eddication." "Did yew git a eddication when yew was

boy, pap?" "Ter be shore I did."

"She pops," said the boy, and the next lay he went to school. That night, the father questioned his young hopeful as to what he saw, and what progress he made.
"They had a lot o' books an' slates in the skule-house," said he "but I didn't see nuthin' o' no eddication, 'nless' twas that varmint I seed go up a holler tree, an' ef that's a eddication—I can't git hit."— Goodall's Sun.

Vegetable Adornments. "What is that kerflumidoodle that you have on your hat, Mary Ann?" said a lather to his would-be fashionable daugh-

"Oh, that is an imitation of a strawber ry, father." "The deuce take the styles," said the old nan; "you'll be wearing imitation cab-

bages yet." We have nearly arrived at the cabbage point already," replied the young miss. "And how near have you got?" "We wear a little turn-up on the side

now."-National Weekly.

Wanted a Companion Piece. First Old Maid-Just think, Sophronia, have received a note from Ratts, the photographer, asking me to accommodate him with a sitting. Isn't that a compliment? Second Old Maid-Yes, indeed, Mrs. Ratts told a friend, who told another lady, who told me, that her husband was almost distracted to find a companion piece to the "Last Rose of Summer." You know that scrawny Miss Snaggs sat for the Last Rose.—Tid-Bits.

The Late Mr. Fry. "What is your name?" asked the sheriff of an old negro who had come in to pay his

"Jim Fry, sah, foder o' de late Mr. Fry." "How long has your son been dead?" "He ain't dead, de late Mr. Fry ain't." "Then how can he be the late Mr. Fry?"
"Case he's neber on time—allus late, sah." -Arkansaw Traveller.



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Hard to Be Convinced. odor, judge, that issues from a bank near my house. I think it is natural gas.

Judge-Why don't you test it? "I don't know of any convincing test." "Touch a lighted match to the crevice." "But it might explode and blow me up." "Well, Great Scott! do you want any more convincing proof than that?"—N. Y. Telegram.

POSTPONED.-Bertie (on the way to the station)—"Mamma, I want to sneeze!"
Mamma—"Bertie, we're very late now.
You'll have to wait until you get on the
cars!"—Tid-Bits. PITH AND POINT.

-Some women swallow flattery as babies swallow buttons, without any idea of the trouble that may follow .-

Yonkers Statesman. -The trouble with the oldest inhabitant is that he had no thermometer when all things he remembers used to happen.-N. O. Picayune.

-A Massachusetts man has patented an adding-machine for bookkeepers.

No subtracting-machine has been invented. Not necessary.—Boston Bul-

—A Palmer woman stepped on a tack lately, and was taken with lockjaw in a few days. Two days after she was taken there wasn't a paper of tacks to be had in town.—Palmer Journal.

—Assessor (to a farmer)—"This land here seems to be very fertile." Farmer -"Yes, very. Even when the crops fail the taxes grow right along from year to year."—N. Y. Ledger.

-A firm of tailors has issued the following notice: "We are going to publish phrenological charts of our customers' heads. Those who pay promptly will have splendid heads."—N. Y. Tele-

—The cheerful alacrity with which a young man will guide his sweetheart to-ward a milliner's shop window before they are married is equaled only by the marvelous skill with which he will steer her away from it after she is his wife .-Exchange.

-Nurse (to Johnny, who has been brought in to see his uncle)—"Why don't you speak, Johnny? Can't you tell your uncle you're glad to see him?" Johnny (whimpering)—"It b'longs to him first to tell me I'm a fine fellow, and big for my size."—Chicago Tribune.

-A countryman was sowing his ground, when two smart fellows came riding by, one of whom called out with an insolent air: "Well, my good man, 'tis your business to sow; but we reap the fruits of your labor." The rustic replied: "'Tis very like you may, for just now I am sowing hemp."—Chicago

-The baby does not belong to the animal kingdom; the animal kingdom belongs to him. He is a king. In fact, he is always aching. However, a baby is often spoken of as "this wheat creature," which is why they cradle him. You can't shock him. He is not a creature comfort. The baby is sometimes called an infant, in fanciful allusion to infantry, which he is thought to resemble, because he is generally found with arms about him. Bless the baby!—N.

CATCHING CRIMINALS.

Domestic Ties Which Lead Lawbreakers into the Hands of the Police. "Every once in a while people read in the papers how some man who has just done a job has skipped, leaving no trace behind him," said a central office detective to a reporter. "The first thing they do is to blame the detectives. Then, a year or two perhaps afterward, they hear that the man has been caught. Then they praise the detectives for skill and perseverance as much as they blamed them before. They were wrong to blame them in the first place, and I'm not sure that they were right in praising them so highly afterward. In

ordinary circumstances any criminal is sure to be caught. "You say there are many crimes never unraveled. That's so. But in most of them the police get to know who did the job, but they can't get the evidence, and so they lie low and wait.

In a few exceptional cases it's best not to punish anybody. "If a man runs away the police can pinch him nine times out of ten just by watching his home. Shakspeare never said a truer thing than when he said: 'There's no place like home.' It was Shakspeare, wasn't it? Well, every man, no matter how bad he is, has a home of some kind that he's going to visit, although he knows that the visit may land him in the State prison for twenty years, and as soon as he thinks the coast is clear he's going to that home. All the police have to do is to

find out that home, watch it and nab

their man when he shows up. "There's that man who shot the negro janitor. He got West and was doing well, and nobody knew where he was. But he had to come back to New York to see his friends. There's Jimmy Ri.ey. He broke seven of the strongest jails in the country—Sing Sing was the last of them. What did he do when he got out of Sing Sing? He went straight to Tenth avenue, where everybody knew him. Now he's back at Sing Sing. Talk to Captain Washburn about Hell's Kitchen and places at the foot of West Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets in his precinct. He'll tell you that whenever he wants one of the crooks who hang out there he has only to go there to get him. They never try to hide in any part of the city. Do you remember that burglar who killed a policeman way back in the sixties, when he was caught breaking into an arms store on Broadway? Well, he thought it safe to come back to New York after nearly twenty years, and the first thing he knew he was on trial for his life. He would have come back sooner, too, if he hadn't been prevented by being locked up in different prisons

"Another thing that helps the detec-tives in catching big crooks is their in-ter-marriages. It's a saying that every Hebrew in Baxter street belongs to one of three families. It's about the same with crooks. About every big one among them is connected by marriage or blood ties with the others."-N. Y.

A GROWING EVIL

Defects in the Education of Girls Which

Should Be Speedily Remedied. We heard a lady say, the other day: Oh, that my daughters could have had the training I had!" She had been wisely trained, as a girl, to work and to understand how to do every thing which naturally falls to a mother in the care of a home. But as years passed, her husband's increasing prosperity pre-cluded the necessity of her doing any household duties which she did not prefer to do. Still, she knows how every thing should be done. On the other hand, her daughters, now reaching young ladyhood are unwilling to work as she once did. They have certain accomplishments, but in the essential things, necessary for wives and mothers to be skilled in, they are sadly lacking. This is no isolated case, or it might pass unnoticed. How many young ladies are poorly fitted to take upon themselves the serious duties of wives and mothers. Both mothers and daughters are recommended. young ladyhood are unwilling to work as Both mothers and daughters are responsible for this state of things, but a little serious reflection on the part of each mother and daughter should result in such action as would remedy these de-fects.—Golden Bule.